

Inhibitions Make Interesting Situations

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Inhibitions Make Interesting Situations

by [Ship On The Sea](#)

Summary

All they wanted was ten minutes of uninterrupted privacy. Will they ever get it?

Notes

Okay I think we all know the drill by now. This is 110% fictional and for entertainment, don't shove the shipping down their throats. And if they admit feeling uncomfortable at any point this will be taken down in order to respect their wishes. Anyways....

Hello! This is not my first fic on here, but it is on this profile! Hi!

Also to avoid any confusion, this is just something I wrote one day. I was too lazy to write an entire buildup to the scene I wanted to write, so I just dropped right in the middle of something. If you guys want me to though, I can try writing a full story with this in it 🧐

Anyways, I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was happening so slow, that neither of them really noticed. Well, that, and because they were too caught up in the moment to become self-aware of just what they were working up to do. It was like they had zoned out- except it was the exact opposite. They had zoned in on nothing but each other, hyperaware of what the other was doing and at the same time unaware of their own actions, thoughts, or words.

Dream's hand loosened its grip on George's wrist, and he dragged his hand up George's arm, and everywhere his hand made contact set George's skin on fire, only intensifying the unnamable feeling that was currently surging through his body. Dream's hand crept further up and followed the curve of his shoulder, and his fingers faintly traced up his neck until his hand finally rested to cup George's chin in his palm. The entire time neither broke eye contact, staring into each other's eyes that were slowly becoming half-lidded as their faces inevitably inched closer to each other.

With his right hand now free, George placed his hand on Dream's chest, and it slowly slid down to the upper portion of his stomach where those strange feelings felt the strongest, and grabbed a fistful of his sweater. Their faces crept closer even more, their noses now almost touching, their eyes starting to drift shut.

Their linked hands relaxed from their small embrace and blindly searched for new locations to guide them closer to each other, as if their hands had minds of their own. Dream's came to rest behind George's head, fingers laced in his hair and very subtly rubbing circles into his scalp. George's found its place resting gently on Dream's side, feeling the rise and fall of his breathing. By now, their heads had tilted into a more comfortable position and they leaned in closer. They were so close that if one of them so much as even breathed deeper, the slight movement would cause their lips to touch. Their eyes were shut at that point, their senses of touch becoming even more hyperaware of the other.

Slowly, almost unnoticeably, they inched closer, and their breaths stalled as their lips ghosted against each other, and slowly, so slowly, as their grips on each other softly strengthened, their-

The loud, single knock on the bedroom door suddenly shattered the mutual trance they were in, and the reality of what they were doing shot through them as if a bucket of cold water was poured down their backs. In some sort of dazed confusion they jolted away from each other as their brains failed to process a single thought, and as George overestimating the width of the bed and fell back-first onto the carpeted floor, their bewildered gazes snapped to the opening door and Sapnap's head poked into the room, his mouth opened in preparation to say something.

But no sound came from the man at the door as he quietly took in the situation, looking at his equally silent friends. His eyes took in Dream's abnormal pose that looked like he scrambled backward in shock, and then flickered to where George was frozen on the floor, the lower halves of his legs still resting on the bed he apparently fell from, and slid between the two a couple more times as he slowly took in the situation with confusion, looking for the cause of the predicament he walked into. It didn't help that both of his friends were staring back at him with equally- no, more-perplexed expressions.

So like the true friend he was, Sapnap chose to not ask them what happened, and silently brought his head out of the room, gently closing the door. After a few moments of silence, he finally spoke up to them, his voice slightly muffled by the door. "Uhhhhhhh.... Pizza's here...." Sapnap's footsteps quickly faded as he walked down the hallway.

Dream was the first to move, which was to blink at the door, still trying to grasp the situation. Then George's legs stirred, and they slid off the mattress. His head peered over the bed moments later,

and they made eye contact for the first time since Sapnap knocked.

And then it all came back to them, and what would've happened if Sapnap hadn't interrupted.

George sputtered, the volume up to almost a scream, as he felt his stomach drop with the combination of many emotions. He was mortified at himself for trying to kiss his best friend, but also extremely confused about the fact Dream didn't back away, which quickly turned into some sort of sudden realization and overall left him feeling like he was on the most absurd roller coaster of his life. He dropped back to the floor only to stand up and sit back down on the bed, hands cradling his now beat-red face.

Dream wasn't too much better, he was still speechless, and was slightly less confused but more mortified at his own actions, but the realization of why his best friend didn't pull away didn't come to him until after watching George sputter incoherently and sit down on the bed. His eyes stayed glued to George, but his face grew in shades of red, and he couldn't think of anything to say, or where to begin.

They honestly didn't know what to say to each other, but knew they should. What else would they do? Ignore it and pretend it never happened?! Kissing your best friend on the cheek or forehead was one thing, but what they were about to do.... that crossed something. It felt as if their friendship was thrown into some sort of limbo, and if they didn't figure out what to do with it soon, they'd lose each other.

While it could've been solved by a simple confession of romantic feelings for each other and adding another level to their relationship, one can't exactly confess their feelings when they themselves aren't really aware of them. Sure, they both had experienced love before, they've both had girlfriends. But what they felt for each other? It was on a different, unfamiliar level. The situation they were in was a situation where the lack of emotional awareness couldn't take either of them far.

So their solution? It.... was complicated. For the first couple of minutes, they didn't speak to each other. They were too busy really processing what did and didn't happen within the span of only a couple minutes.

Then Dream opened his mouth to speak, only to shut it and think again. George then suddenly looked over to Dream to say something, but when they made eye contact again he shut his mouth and averted his eyes. Four minutes passed and the only coherent words to come from either of them were "uhm", "uh", or "erm".

Around five minutes in, a new word was spoken, by George, which was the word "so". It wasn't a confident exclamation, rather a very nervous "S-so....", but he couldn't be blamed for trying. At the very least, it helped Dream regain his ability to speak, even though it was just as nervous.

"Y-yeah! ..Uhm...."

Another singular knock startled the two on the bed, and Sapnap once again popped his head into the room. "Hey g-" he started, but history repeated itself and he fell quiet again. His eyebrows bunched together in confusion, and his mouth suspiciously spread into a line, his eyes moving more calculating between his friends than his last visit only five minutes prior.

"Uh..." Dream attempted an explanation, looking like a kid caught drawing on the walls in crayon.

"Erm," Sapnap replied, and if the situation wasn't what it currently was, Dream and George would've laughed. But since it was, they didn't. "Are you guys going to eat?"

"Uhm....." George dragged out, and flickered his gaze towards Dream, then back to Sapnap.
"Yeah..... We'll be down in... like, a couple minutes?" Nodding, Sapnap looked between them again, gave them a confused yet supportive thumbs-up, and left the room once more.

Luckily this time Sapnap's visit seemed to have calmed their nerves some, because it only took half a minute for one of them to speak that time. It was Dream who was able to form his words first, after clearing his throat.

"Do you- uh- wanna," he paused, quickly glancing at George and glancing away when he found George was looking at him back, "wanna talk about... uhm..."

"Yeah-" George saved the conversation from sinking, and with a deep breath, he continued. "I think we need.. to talk about the elephant in the room."

They fell silent, again. The air around them was weird, to say the least. It was nervous, calm, understanding, and confused all in one tense atmosphere. But they were determined.

"I don't really know what was going through my mind, honestly," Dream began, the first actual sentence to come from either of them. "Just kinda felt... like it was right? I don't know how to explain it."

"I don't know what I was thinking either," George earnestly replied, and he shifted in the bed to properly face his friend. "But yeah, it kinda did feel like it was right?"

Dream hummed in acknowledgment. "Did your, like, entire stomach feel strange? Like, someone poured pop rocks in there?" George cracked a smile at what he said, and huffed a small laugh.

"Yeah, that's one way to describe it." Their eyes met again, and they were able to hold it for a couple seconds before looking away. Their nerves were settling, and they were starting to get through it. Baby steps were still steps, and still got people somewhere.

"Did..." Dream paused his delayed reply, face turning red again as he cleared his throat for the second time. "Uhm, it didn't- it wasn't a bad feeling, right?"

George shook his head, his face coloring as well. "N-no, it wasn't bad," he reassured, voice softer than earlier comments. "It was really pleasant.. The whole thing." Dream nodded; His face deepened in color.

"It was... I wouldn't mind.... trying it again someday...." Dream hid the lower half of his face in his sweater as soon as the words left his mouth, growing more embarrassed by the millisecond. George, despite blushing harder too, gave a small chuckle at his embarrassed reaction.

"I don't think I would mind either, honestly." George gave a small smile, and Dream dropped his sweater back to rest around his collarbone to return an equally-small smile. They shared a couple of moments smiling at each other in silence, before out of the blue, George's smile dropped and was replaced with a surprised expression. Dream's smile dropped as well, a tiny frown of concern replacing it.

"What?"

"I think I love you," George blurted. Dream pitched an eyebrow at his comment, his head tilting slightly.

"Well, duh. We're friends."

"Nono," George shook his head. "Romantically, I mean."

"Romantically..." Dream parroted, as if he'd never heard the word before. The butterflies in his stomach came alive again, and in that moment, he finally realized why, everything abruptly becoming crystal-clear. "OH! OH MY GOD WE'RE IDIOTS, GEORGE!" His hands came up and hid his face with more force than necessary, and Dream flopped backwards onto his bed. "Oh my goooooood," he repeated into his hands.

As if he was given the key to the chest he'd been trying to pry open, George suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of clarity. A laugh bubbled its way from his chest, and he ran a hand through his hair. "Oh!"

"Ugggggh," Dream groaned into his hands in annoyance with himself, "Why didn't I realize sooner!"

"Well, to be fair, I didn't realize either," George reassured. A muffled wheeze escaped Dream.

"Yeah, but you're the densest person I've ever met, so."

"That's not true!" he defended, and swatted at Dream's leg. Finally, the tense air had fully dissipated, and the two of them could finally breathe again. They shared a sigh, and Dream removed his hands from his face, sitting up in the process.

"So," he started, and they looked into each other's gazes, and held it. "What are we now?"

"Well, it depends," George replied honestly. "Two people having mutual feelings for each other doesn't automatically mean they're dating."

"But do you what to?" The proposal was said before Dream could properly think of any other response.

"Why would I not?" George said, their normally playful atmosphere returning, and Dream huffed a small affectionate "Smartass" with a growing smirk. "What about you? Do you want to, y'know, become boyfriends?"

Dream pretended to mull over his answer, his reply automatically thought of. He leaned closer to George's face. "I don't know, what do you think?"

George leaned slightly forward, eyes slightly squinting as his smile grew more teasing. "I'm not a psychic, Dream."

"But you know me so well," the reply was almost a whine, and the distance between them steadily shrank. "What do you think my answer is going to be?" They eyed each other's faces, falling into the same heated silence they had fallen into when their whole mess started. They didn't have to say anything more at that point, they were aware of each other's and their own answers. At that point, they just wanted to finish what had been started.

For the second time that evening, their eyes fluttered shut as their heads tilted slightly to the right to avoid bumping noses. They slowly continued to lean into each other, and once again, their breathing came to a halt as their lips prepared to meet. Unlike the first time, Sapnap didn't knock right before they closed the distance, and their lips finally, gently touched for the first time.

Sapnap decided to enter the room after, half a moment after.

"What the hell guys, it's been five minutes, what's going on-" he had loudly began while abruptly

opening the door, choosing not to knock due to having grown slightly annoyed. That was a mistake on his part, because he barely had time to process what he was in the middle of seeing before both George and Dream snapped their heads towards him and glared with pure frustration.

"Sapnap! What is wrong with you?!" Dream had yelled at the same time George shrieked "Stop interrupting us!"; And at the same time Sapnap sputtered out "My bad" and quickly left, slamming the door.

Both of them waited a couple of seconds to make sure Sapnap was gone, before they turned back to each other.

"I swear to fu-" George had begun to express as Dream cupped his chin in his hand, leaned forward, and swiftly shuttled him up by pressing their lips together.

And honestly, it was worth the wait.

End Notes

Thanks for reading this! Feel free to leave a comment, they are really appreciated!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!